

Sketch

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Aftermath

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Aftermath

The knocking pulls me from my comforter
To find Aunt Madge, her face of false concern
Peering through the window. A cake, her cure
For all, in her arms. She feels it's her turn
To offer condolences and starts in:
 Poor dear I've heard you've suffered and wept
 But don't you realize how lucky you've been?
 Mark and Paula's baby died while he slept—
 You hadn't yet felt yours move or loved it.
 Anyway, it probably would have been
 Retarded or dead or somehow unfit.
 And you're young; you can always try again.
Her voice hums on like a room full of flies
As her red nails remind me of blood-stained thighs